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For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF AN INTENDED DIVINE.

(Continued from Page 266.)

CHAPTER V.

"Oh! Glasgow is a fine town,
A very famous city;
For all the men are lords and squires,
And all the women pretty."

SO at least thought Harry Fitzpatrick. He was highly delighted with every thing he saw; and when he contrasted the pleasures which Glasgow promised, with the amusements to which he was accustomed in the village of Arnott, he was agreeably surprised at the difference. His vivacity and humour soon secured him acquaintances, and among his companions at College, he became a favourite.

There are some men, in the formation of whom dame Nature has been very partial; she has contrived to mingle so many cold particles in their constitutions, that, like the salamander, they can live in surrounding flames; in other words, they appear to be so completely divested of passions, that they can quietly stalk through the world without being drawn to the right hand or to the left, by any of the temptations which prove fatal to others. This was not the case with Fitzpatrick; he was fond of gay society, and but too apt to engage in any round of folly which might be proposed. His heart was good, and his principles sound; yet he was of such a thoughtless unguarded disposition, that he never considered for a moment what might be the consequences of his actions. In a place like Glasgow, where he met with companions much of his own temper, he was seldom dispo-

ed to check the impulse of his feelings, or averse to engage in pleasures which the sober and temperate would infallibly condemn. He was flattered by the attentions which he received from young men of superior rank and fortune, and without much scruple did he join with them in their extravagance and dissipation. He was, of course, frequently led into situations from which it required all his skill and dexterity to extricate himself; yet such transactions were sources of amusement again, and with the termination of each foolish exploit, the sense of its impropriety vanished. He was not, however, inattentive to the pursuits of literature, and for a considerable number of days together, he would apply with the most unremitting assiduity to his studies, unmoved by the solicitations of even his most intimate friends. In consequence of this conduct, and of some other inconsistencies in his character, he began to be considered as rather an eccentric mortal, and often his fits of abstraction, and flights of fancy, afforded great entertainment to his acquaintances. He was sometimes seen parading the streets with hasty strides, distorting his countenance, and inattentive to every object around; at the same time he appeared to be repeating passages from some favourite author, and to accommodate his motions to the spirit of the piece: when accosted by his friends, he would bolt out a passage from Shakespear, or some other poet, in reply; and by those who were not acquainted with his manner, he was thought sometimes deranged.

He regularly attended the theatre, became quite a critic, and was held in great reverence among the actors. To reading poetry and plays, and to the study of polite literature, he devoted a great part of

his time ; he was therefore a more pleasant companion than a profound philosopher ; more admired for his powers of entertaining than for his scholastic knowledge. The young, the gay, and the volatile of both sexes, were his delight, and yet no man had a more profound veneration for sterling worth and steady integrity. Every species of hypocrisy he detested, and he completely despised a mean crouching spirit ; he did not look upon extravagance and dissipation as crimes of a deep dye, but want of principle always met his contempt. " He honoured merit, though in rags, and scorned the proud dishonest knave in office."

Among his friends, none was regarded so highly as Charles O'Connor ; and the friendship was mutual. His father, Sir Edmund, had a very handsome property in Ireland, and though it was greatly reduced by the profuse hospitality of his ancestors, yet he had still sufficient to indulge in acts of generosity, and there were few in whom the means and the inclination were more happily united. Charles had gone through a short course of education at Dublin College, but being fond of variety, he had taken it into his head to spend this winter in Glasgow. He was bold, generous, and fashionably dissipated ; in their dispositions, he and Fitzpatrick strongly resembled each other. Their intimacy originated in the following occurrence. In one of his midnight rambles, our hero heard a confused sound of voices in a narrow lane, as if proceeding from men engaged in a quarrel. His curiosity prompted him to witness the scene ; he found three men, with the most determined fury, assailing one, who, with his back against the wall, maintained the unequal contest with great vigour and courage. Cowardice was not a principle in Harry's

constitution ; he did not hesitate a moment, but rushed to the assistance of the single person with a degree of impetuosity which turned the tide of battle. The conflict, however, was severe ; but the assailants were routed. " Huzza ! I never saw finer fighting in my life," exclaimed O'Connor. " By my soul, my dear fellow," shaking Harry by the hand, " I would patiently put up with a skinful of well brained bones at any time, just to see you exercise your sprig of shillelah." " And I can return the compliment," replied our hero, " for you were a tiger in your fierce deportment. But are you hurt ?" " Not much, though I got some hard knocks. But come, march to the nearest tavern ; this cudgelling's a devilish salt kind of diet ; a bottle will not be much amiss ; and over it I will give you an account of the whole affair, and my thanks at the same time."

They had scarcely been acquainted before ; but when they came to the tavern, they recognised each other, and from that time became inseparable. In the course of his travels through the streets and lanes of the city that night, Charles had met with one of those unfortunate females, who live on the bread of infamy. Her manner and appearance were superior to the generality of that class, and while she caught hold of his arm, he was about rudely to shake her off, but the expression of her countenance, which he beheld by the pale glimmering of a lamp, determined him to inquire her history ; this he obtained in a very few words. She was the daughter of a merchant, who, when in affluent circumstances, had given her an excellent education ; she lost her mother when young, was treated by her father with the greatest indulgence, and admired for her sense and vivacity ; a young man of

considerable fortune made honourable proposals. In the mean time, her father's affairs fell into confusion, and he was declared a bankrupt. This preyed upon his spirits, he fell into a state of gloomy despondency, and shortly after died. The lover changed his mind, took advantage of her unprotected situation, and having completed the work of ruin, left her to infamy and want. Having finished her short narrative, she raised her eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed with exaltation, "I thank that merciful Being, who prevented my parents from beholding the misery of their child." Charles was generous; he gave her his purse, and told her if she would quit the way of life she then was in, he would consider what might be done for her. On leaving her, he was attacked by the villains, who by the timely assistance of Fitzpatrick, were discomfited.

CHAPTER VI.

"In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above—
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

"OH! there is a *sweet era* in the life of man," when his heart is open to every tender impression; it is before the world and its cares corrupt him, before the generous affections of his heart are destroyed; when his mind is swayed by every kind and benevolent impulse; when he despises the narrow prejudices of men, and acts entirely under the impulse of feeling. This is the *sweet season* of love and all its joys; the delightful period when the heart is tremblingly alive to the power of female charms.

None felt them more sensibly, or was more enthusiastic in his admiration, than Fitzpatrick. Maria Ashton was the only daughter of a wealthy citizen, whose fortune had arisen from commerce, and who thought that opulence was the best of heaven's gifts. She had a handsome face, a genteel figure, a great flow of animal spirits, and had got a fashionable education. As she was an only child, her parents doated on her with a culpable fondness, and she grew up a composition of caprice and vanity. She, however, possessed artifice sufficient to conceal her defects, when necessary to her designs, and it was not on a slight acquaintance that her real character could be ascertained. Fitzpatrick met her at an assembly, and got introduced; she happened to be unusually gay, talked a great deal, and displayed a degree of pertness which often passes for wit. Our hero returned from the assembly in raptures.

It is a matter of curious speculation to consider the different ways in which the same passion affects different individuals. Some, when wounded by the little archer, sit quietly down, fold their arms, turn up the whites of their eyes, and sigh, and whine; others run away with their love to a shady grove, or purring stream, and there by moonlight hold sweet converse with the trees, and stones, and stars, and loudly call upon all nature, animate and inanimate, to witness their woes. In neither of these ways did Harry Fitzpatrick vent his feelings. When he got into his chamber, he sat down very tranquilly on his chair, leaned his elbow on the table, and gently reclining his head on the palm of his hand, he began to whistle with great energy. He had scarcely got over the first bar of the tune, when suddenly starting up, he twitched off his hat, flung it with vio-

lence to the farthest part of the room, and broke out into "by heaven she's fair, oh! how divinely fair." He then quietly returned to his seat. Having placed a sheet of paper on the writing desk before him, he dipt his pen into the ink, and turning his eyes up to the ceiling, he continued in this attitude for a considerable time—shook the ink out of the pen—again dipt it into the inkstand—put the end of it into his mouth, and having chewed it for some time with great earnestness, he at length wrote at the top of the page,

Lines on the lovely Miss Ashton.

Having got thus far, he threw himself back on the chair, scratched his head—it would not do. He got up in a passion, threw the sheet of paper into the fire, kicked over the chair on which he had been sitting, and calmly went to bed. Whether laying himself flat on the broad of his back had excited any particular train of poetical ideas, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, he had not been long in that position until he suddenly started up, jumped out on the floor, hastily put on his clothes, and having lighted his candle, and got another sheet of paper, he seemed determined to write something. Now, want of ideas, to a poet, or a would-be poet, when desiring to celebrate a mistress, is a very serious thing indeed. Harry thought it altogether beneath the dignity of his passion to pen his feelings in vulgar prose; but after sitting rolling his eyes, gnawing his pen, scratching his head, rubbing his chin, and distorting his body and face into a thousand shapes, he was in no very good humour with his muse for disdaining his solicitations. All he could make out that night was the offspring of a tortured brain, and

consisted of the two following lines:

"Oh! would my muse assist
To paint thy heavenly charms,"—

She would not, and was so obstinate that he again went to bed to dream, we may suppose, of her who caused him so much anxiety. Next day he dressed himself with more than ordinary care, determined to pay his respects, and set out with a tolerable stock of spirits and fortitude. He was received by Mrs. Ashton with a degree of cold civility which mortified him not a little, but his courage revived when he beheld Maria herself soon after enter in all the charms of youth and beauty. Compliments being passed, the conversation turned to the occurrences of the preceding night, and Fitzpatrick expressed the great happiness he enjoyed in having Miss Ashton for a partner; sighed and ogled with all his might, made some very pretty speeches from tragedies, and delivered them in a very affecting manner. She appeared greatly delighted, and went through all the rules and ordinances of flirtation with great spirit, and also with success, for instead of discovering any symptoms of that capricious temper which we have alluded to, he thought her

"All that is sweet and seducing to man."
....."All that painting could express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

His studies were now neglected, and expensive pleasures projected for the gratification of Maria, occupied almost entirely his time and attention. Draughts on his father's pocket became now more frequent than accorded with his ideas of economy, and with every bill, he received a profound lecture on the propriety and importance of "guiding his affairs with discretion."

Young Fitzpatrick paid but little attention to these salutary precepts; the society he kept hurried him along, and if the present moment brought enjoyment, neither he nor his companions considered consequences. As his associates were chiefly composed of the young and the giddy, they were often involved in unlucky adventures which they might have easily avoided, and out of which they were not extricated without a liberality of purse which he could not well afford.

Having made up a party to the theatre, for the purpose of supporting the first appearance of a young lady (a native of Dublin) on the Glasgow boards, he and his friends dined at a tavern, and in order to bring themselves to the proper pitch, the bottle was circulated with great rapidity. This party was formed in opposition to one composed of those redoubted warriors denominated bloods, who scour the streets at midnight, beat old crazy watchmen for crying the hour, exert their prowess on the unfortunate females who may fall in their way, kick up riots in places of public amusement, and terminate the frolic either in a bagnio or a roundhouse. It was rumoured to our hero and his companions, that these valiant sons of tumult were determined to raise the hiss as soon as the young actress should appear, and not to give over this innocent mirth until they should oblige her to retire, overwhelmed with confusion. To support her, then, was at once pronounced to be an act of humanity, a duty incumbent on every brave and benevolent person to perform. With this resolution, after having at the tavern added largely to their stock of natural courage, did they sally forth to the scene of action. Her first appearance was hailed with

a shout of encouragement by Fitzpatrick and his friends, and by the others with hisses and groans, which seemed nearly to confound the young candidate for public favour. Among those who were most loud and forward of this well meaning set, was an antiquated beau, who concealed his grey hairs, or bald pate, under a very smart natural looking wig. O'Connor's indignation was particularly roused by his exertions, and twirling off his wig with a sudden jerk, he tossed it up to the ceiling; in its descent it pitched on one of the chandeliers, and in a twinkling began to crackle and blaze with great violence. Some were terrified and others entertained; but the poor owner of the wig was rendered furious at beholding it in a flame, and attacked O'Connor with great vigour. The house was soon in an uproar; the crash of seats, the jingling of broken lamps, the melancholy tones of expiring fiddles, the ladies screaming, combatants shouting, all conspired to form a concert of a very martial kind. A stop was put to the fray by the arrival of some police officers and their myrmidons. The most active of both parties were made prisoners; Fitzpatrick and his friend were among the number, being obliged to yield, after a most desperate resistance.

(To be continued.)

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

REMARKS ON PARTY-SPIRIT.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING been always a friend to peace, and an enemy to all party-spirit and division, I have of late been greatly distressed at beholding the disunion, the jealousies, and reciprocal animosities which prevail at present amongst

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